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CARNEGIE

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VOLUME XII PITTSBURGH, PA., OCTOBER 1938 NUMBER 5



THE WIND

By KARL HOFER (German)

Awarded First Prize of \$1,000

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

(See Page 131)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XII NUMBER 5
OCTOBER 1938

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

—MACBETH

—31—

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—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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THE HUNTING SEASON

Jaques: "Which is he that killed the deer?"
1 Lord: "Sir, it is I."

Jaques: "Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?"

2 Lord: "Yes, sir."

Jaques: "Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough."

SONG

1. What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
2. His leather skin and horns to wear.

1. Then sing him home:
Take thou no score to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
1. Thy father's father wore it;
2. And thy father bore it:
All. The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

—As You Like It

THE MOUTH OF PARLIAMENT

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Will you permit one of your readers who constantly finds the wisdom of today in the plays of Shakespeare to quote the words of Jack Cade, the English rebel, in 1450, as given in the fourth act of the second part of King Henry VI? Please remember, this was nearly five hundred years ago.

"When I am king, there shall be no money, all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me, their lord. . . . My mouth shall be the parliament of England."

—HENRY M. WILKINSON

WAS ST. PAUL A GLADIATOR?

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CARNEGIE:

I have read with interest your article recently appearing in the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE on Rome's First Emperor, and I have put John Buchan on my list as the next book I want to own. I think it is a remarkable article. You throw out the hint that the Apostle Paul was a common gladiator. I always had the impression that he was the first citizen of the Roman Empire. Would you be so kind as to give me the authority for your assumption concerning his early life, or is it a fanciful idea of yours? The idea does not detract from his glories as an apostle, or do you have a substantial reason for it?

—JOHN T. FINLEY

The question as to Paul's being a gladiator is answered by the great apostle himself in First Corinthians 15:32, where he says that "after the manner of men" he has "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

PICTORIAL TOLERANCE

A Review of the 1938 International

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute



THE opening of a Carnegie International is an occasion for a plea for pictorial tolerance, a plea that we amateurs in looking at painting have as much patience with our neighbor's point of view as has the painter himself. After all, in contemporary painting, as in so many other forms of latter-day human endeavor, it is mostly the unenlightened who know they have the rights of it. Hence it is not the function of the Carnegie International to promote one school of painting, nor to damn another school, nor to startle, nor to entertain with canvases especially easy on the eyes, nor to tell a bedtime story, nor to make fun of our friends. This exhibition is to inform.

To inform is not easy, for, as Gertrude Stein once said, "A lot of persons dislike a lot of paintings." As a boy I respected the old order. As a father I realize that my children approve of nothing of the past. So it is a bit difficult to understand the contemporary painter as he sits dazed on the floor between two stools. He has been robbed of the standards of yesterday. He is suffering from the pleasing delusion fostered by every artistic movement that he, and he alone, has discovered the truth at last; whereas, as a matter of fact, the reigning fashion in painting is no nearer the ultimate esthetic pinnacle than any earlier pictorial fashion. Consequently he has many and complex notions as to how to set up a stable visual

reflection of our local hopes and fears.

We are all of us looking for art. Some persons turn to painting as a complicated esthetic exercise, of the sort engendered by that Italian artist art critic Carlo Carrá. Other folks like painting as an emotional perfume; witness the work of our old friend Harry W. Watrous. So we who run the International are at pains to exhibit both the artists that produce the esthetic exercise and the artists that produce the perfume; for after all, intellectual convolutions and just sheer entertainment are as much the functions of the painter as of the actor.

As soon as our exhibition is mentioned most persons begin to argue about the prizes. These prizes have their place, but they should not dominate the show. Justice Cardozo once said that if every Supreme Court decision had been given the other way, the world would be just as well off as it is now.

The prizes were awarded seriously, for we had on our jury four different types of painters: Sydney Lee, Othon Friesz, Charles Hopkinson, and John Carroll.

Sydney Lee is treasurer of the Royal Academy of England, an organization where academic taste unquestionably dominates, yet an organization established in a land where the opposition always says its say whether in Hyde Park, or Parliament, or Burlington House, or the art dealers' shops on Bond Street.

Othon Friesz is vice president of the Salon des Tuileries, a home of eclecticism established to distill the best from the combined shows of the Artistes Français and the Nationale which are in the habit of hanging at one time two thousand and more paintings.

From our own land comes Charles Hopkinson, bred of Bostonian academic



WINTER

By MAURICE DE VLAMINCK (French)

Second Prize of \$600

calm. Opposite Hopkinson is John Carroll, supposed to be a modernist, who paints, rides to hounds, and lets theories alone.

By way of such a jury the First Prize winner was Karl Hofer, a German unhappy in his Berlin associations these days, who enjoys painting as an esthetic exercise. The Second Prize went to Maurice de Vlaminck, who won the Garden Club of Allegheny County Prize in 1935. Of the four possible votes, both of these men received three votes for first place and one vote for second place.

The Third Prize went to an American, Arnold Blanch, who believes that a painting is more than a decorative spot on a wall. He feels that picturemaking can help the world to be a better place to live in.

The Honorable Mentions were led off by Albert Marquet, with a colorful canvas of the Pont-Neuf at night. His window looks out on the Pont-Neuf. He paints the world as he sees it, simply

and genially. Then came Maurice Utrillo, who always has had a distinct place among those amateurs who go in for those intellectual convolutions I have already mentioned. Next, from our own land, was Rockwell Kent, a confirmed romanticist who voyages from Patagonia to Greenland and back again, between times painting sketches on the sidewalks of New York to be sold for the benefit of Spanish Loyalists. The final Honorable Mention went to another Frenchman, Edmond Ceria. He, like Vlaminck, is from the soil. For Mother Earth must be near to those who interpret her and her various offspring.

The Garden Club Prize was won by Roger Chapelain-Midy, a young man who deals with the lure of a sophisticated cloistered life, albeit a cheerful soul who loves a guitar of an evening.

Having satisfied himself on the prize problems, a visitor to the International is faced with three hundred and fifty-seven other paintings. This

makes me speak the word "catalogues." I would have you first do the show lacking catalogues. Let the pictures come to you without reference to the titles or the artists. We should strive to be not philologists but dilettantes. We should interest ourselves only in whether the painter's philosophy is attuned to our own. We should ask for art as we ask for pork and beans.

The matter of dilettantism, however, gives wide scope to our personal preference.

Perhaps some of us are interested in national tendencies. That is the way I take the show as I travel from country to country. Chiefly on these voyages I am impressed by the state of social flux as contrasted with the state of social permanence that developed during the forty-four years of European peace between the Franco-Prussian War and the World War. Yet art in Europe, now, is moving, active, and progressive in the midst of a bad political, social, and economic mess.

Last spring my first country was Italy. Primarily in Italy are fostered the artistic efforts of which the Government approves, efforts which have a background

of the past and an expression of the present. Also, however, in Italy artistic expression that does not accord with the Government idea is left unhampered. In speaking of these two opposing schools, Ugo Ojetti, the Italian art critic, insisted to me that the weakness of latter-day painters is that they are not faithful to themselves, blown here by one wind one day and there by another wind the next day. In a measure Ojetti is right. Yet certainly Italy has steadied down in the middle of the artistic track, with a distinct accent on repose. As they travel along it, Italians like Ferruccio Ferrazzi dwell on their impression of a scene as well as their representation of it.

Next, in Hungary, it was refreshing to come upon work that, despite a Magyar love of megalomania, is obviously expensive and genuine. For in Budapest, the light and leading know all about ultramodern sophistication, literary, visual, and audible. As a result, picturewise Hungary, led by Vilmos Aba-Novak, goes in for complicated detail, contrasting colors and backgrounds of blue splashed with yellows and reds; all of which produces the satisfying impression that good Hungarian painting is never the worse for not taking itself too seriously.

To illustrate all this we also acquired certain historic Hungarian monuments, such as Béla Iványi-Grünwald, romantic and blue-toned, and some new men, like Edmund Marffy, yearning to stimulate Hungarian smart society with a dash of Parisian flavoring.



PEOPLE

BY ARNOLD BLANCH (American)
Third Prize of \$500

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

Perhaps my rosy Hungarian viewpoint was enhanced by the fact that for once the hotel porter there welcomed me with a handful of auspicious reports from other countries.

Guillaume Lerolle, our European representative, felt satisfied with his Polish section. We have a number of our old stand-bys like Ludomir Slenzinski. Also Lerolle widened out the so-called Paris group, led by Jozef Czapski. The Paris group pleases chiefly those elderly ladies who do important cultural work on the doorsteps of our various diplomatic missions.

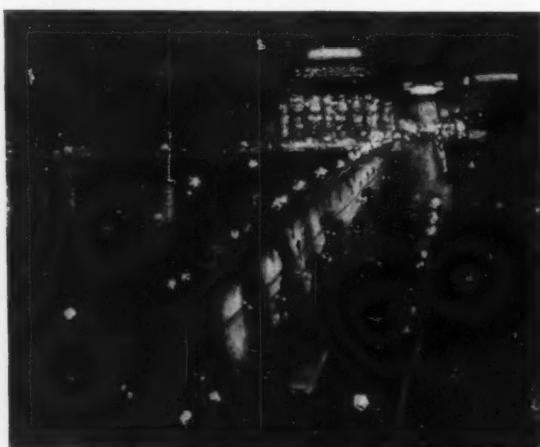
Then our German representative, Frau Dr. Charlotte Weidler, and our Czechoslovakian representative, Dr. Kamil Novotny, worked so well in common that they had rounded up the Czechoslovakian section to the satisfaction of the academic, the middle, and the advanced artists, to say nothing of the Slovaks like Ludo Fulia and the Germans like Willi Nowak, each group being convinced that its own cultural life is the sole cultural life worth while.

Meantime Arnold Palmer, our English representative, had visited Holland, where together with Dr. Joseph De

Gruyter, who has charge of our Dutch efforts, they had solved their Dutch problem, in a country convinced that the land that produced Rembrandt and Franz Hals is second to none artistically. Two schools of painting exist in Holland: one academic, as represented by Lizzy Ansingh, and one as represented by Hendrik Chabot, much approved along the sidewalks of the rue de la Boëtie in Paris.

Only Spain remained a problem, Spain which, when all the bombing is over, will be just Spain and nothing else, colorful, individualistic, imaginative. First, we made sure of ten Spanish emigre painters, from Hipolito Hidalgo de Caviedes in New York, to Salvador Dali in Paris. Then, from those actually in Spain, we finally met with a burst of good luck. None of their paintings which reached here had frames. A few lacked even stretchers. Wartime aeroplanes fret at excess weight or space. But it was the canvases themselves that counted. We gladly did the rest. Vazquez Diaz belongs in this class. Here is what Margaret Palmer, our Spanish representative, wrote me of him and others:

"As for Vazquez Diaz he has finished the group of bullfighters which he was working on when I was in Madrid last year, and into which he has put so much interest from the beginning with the view to sending it to Pittsburgh. Then, Ramon Zubiaurre's wife answered, saying he would send, that he was painting, and that if I could not get to Madrid she would send me two or three of Ramon's best to choose from. Finally, when I wrote to ask Perez Rubio what I owed him for the transportation of canvases from Madrid



LE PONT NEUF

BY ALBERT MARQUET (French)

First Honorable Mention with Prize of \$400

and Valencia to Barcelona, he replied, 'You may pay me by sending me some packages of Quaker Oats, so that I can go on resisting, and a cigarette or so, so that I can give myself the illusion of living in luxury.' "

Mostly these Spaniards are nationalists, as the mass of Spanish painting has long come from Madrid and Barcelona, the two wealthy cities where pictures were both bought and made. However, which side the painters were on has not proved a major problem; for the civil war has simply made all Spaniards of both sides more Spanish than ever. Even Pablo Picasso, who for so long has been considered French, became Honorary Director of the Prado and on his own initiative this year asked to be hung in the Spanish section.

From Hungary we went to Vienna.

It was not easy to concentrate on paintings in Vienna. From the moment we stepped off the train we were surrounded by Nazi flags and German troops. The Ring was full of parades, Brown Shirts, school boys, and labor battalions. Helmeted guards stood at the street door of the hotel. The lobby was jammed with officers. Heels clicked, medals flashed, hands made Nazi salutes. The long-distance telephone could not be used at night because of the military. Rumors floated from every corner. News was conspicuously absent. The propaganda train made noises in the station and the propaganda radio at one's meals. Then, right in the midst of all this uproar, that kindly old Viennese painter, Carl



CONSULAT D'AUVERGNE, RUE NORVINS

By MAURICE UTRILLO (French)

Second Honorable Mention with Prize of \$300

Moll, remarked: "Whenever you have a pot with sediment that must be stirred, the sediment comes to the top. Be patient. It will settle."

Waiting, however, is none too easy in Austria, which to stand the present-day strain has no native painting to compare with the romantic German school. Austrians are more inclined to run to a livelier line of picturemaking, such as that exemplified by Anton Kolig, who likes to splash around with a brush covered with red blood and beef. Therefore the old Viennese free manner of painting is forbidden.

So we moved on to Munich, where we found that art does not thrive on verboten signs but on sympathetic petting by the social order, and this contemporary art is not receiving in Germany today.

I am always amazed that while most persons admit they know nothing of horseflesh, no one is ever bashful about understanding painting. The German powers that be, therefore, like so many others, suppress any form of art that does not accord with their personal passions. In Munich, consequently, not one single art show of any kind existed. Three painters alone, like Werner Paul



STORM CLOUDS, GREENLAND

By ROCKWELL KENT (American)

Third Honorable Mention with Prize of \$200

Schmidt, represent that city in our International.

A similar case was the situation in Stuttgart. For some time the only exhibitions extant there were given by artists in private houses, to which you were invited alone. Now even these are gone, as the Nazi party feels that it may enter a man's house to organize his private esthetic taste.

I had hoped the authorities would substitute what they did like for what they did not approve in the old Berlin official Kronprinzen Gallery; yet the only thing I could discover was what the Government objected to in the Berlin "Exhibition of Forbidden Art." Normally authorities organizing an art exhibition attempt to make as good an exhibition as possible. Those organizing the Exhibition of Entartete Kunst set out to make the worst exhibition possible. They succeeded. Yet any competent museum director allowed to select among the painters in the Forbidden Art Exhibition proper examples of their present work, to clean the galleries, and to hang only the number of pictures those galleries could reasonably contain, could present to the pub-

lic a stimulating show, somewhat modern in its tendency but not unduly so.

As my visit to the Forbidden Art Show got me nowhere, I felt that if it was part of my task to discover painters of officialdom, I should go ask officialdom. According to the thesis of Herr Wolf Willrich, official painter of "The Party," henceforth in Germany it will not be the decorative or esthetic qualities in painting that will count, but the ability of painting to promote an understanding of the ethnological development and racial beliefs of German Aryans whose fundamental faith concerns the nobleness of "blood and soil."

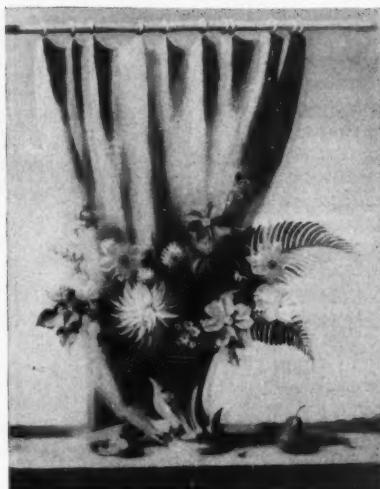
In our list of German painters, therefore, we have considered fourteen men that proclaimed allegiance to the Nazis. I think of Josef Pieper, who won both the German Academy in Rome scholarship and the Third Prize in our exhibition a year ago. Then came eleven men who hold official position, though not exactly ardent about government regulations. Finally I have ten men quite anti-Nazi. I respect the strength of the "German Youth Movement." Yet I also feel that if we are to give an impression of what occurs Germanwise,

we must put in the running some of both the older and younger artists, too, who cling to independence; for I found a genuine undercover reaction developing among such intellectuals, just as in the eighteen-fifties existed the reaction that sent Carl Schurz and his friends to our land.

From Germany we made our way to Belgium, where last spring when I asked Anto-Carte how things were going and he said they were going comfortably, I heaved a sigh of relief. Life has improved in Belgium. On Saturday night in Brussels were masses of American automobiles under neon lights outside moving-picture houses. Good restaurants had not an empty chair. However, said Carte, again: "We have learned what can happen; so when anyone stands up to make speeches with gestures, somebody else yanks the carpet right out from under." Therefore Belgium is no problem child. That land has a varied section, with some artists, like Robert Buyle, dealing only with the fundamentals of design; with some, like Louis Buisseret, trying to soothe society; with some, like Paul Maas, trying to excite it.

Next we crossed the Channel.

America could learn much from England about the setting forth of painting



BOUQUET AT THE WINDOW

By ROGER CHAPELAIN-MIDY (French)

Prize of \$300

Given by the Allegheny County Garden Club

by surrounding our art with some of the pomp and circumstance of the Royal Academy. The English know that the picture frame about even so fine a work as that by Harold Knight is not just something of wood and plaster. It is wider than that; it has much to do with the abundance of life. So the Royal Academy on the day of its opening produces a gathering where American eyes may glow with envy at the grey toppers on the heads of beautiful young men, or turn sad and reminiscent with a nostalgia of youthful memories upon contemplating those hats of yesteryear which still crown the greying hair of dowdy old ladies.

Another thing we could well learn from the English is the great need of giving all men full opportunity to say their say. Even at the Academy Club banquets they invariably ask somebody to speak for "the outsiders." Consequently these two



GAME

By EDMOND CERIA (French)

Fourth Honorable Mention with Prize of \$100

groups, young and old, while they may dislike one another's work, respect one another, without even Stanley Spencer's being put into a concentration camp on expressing a noisy conviction.

Occasionally the rebels organize a rallying point, such as the London Group; but as the smart set, earnestly trying to catch up, enters by the front door, the rebels are apt to hurry out at the back. Rebels like to feel they are rebelling, in the footsteps of Francis Bacon who once wrote: "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion."

In the British section, therefore, we have about seventeen Royal Academicians of the Thomas Cantrell Dugdale type, twelve nonacademicians who exhibit in the Royal Academy, like Robert D. Greenham, and nineteen who do not show there, like Augustus John. This is fair enough, since in the late British Exhibition in the Louvre, selected by the Director of the National Gallery, were only three living English painters, Augustus John, Walter Richard Sickert, and P. Wilson Steer. None of them are Royal Academicians.

Across the Channel again, the French situation is opposite the English. In Paris it is the art dealers on the rue de la Boëtie who control that which is important in latter-day art like Valentine Prax, while the spring Salons, with men like Albert Braïtou-Sala, form the opposition. The most important quality of these divergent opinions these days is that which follows Voltaire's philosophy when he once wrote to a friend: "Excuse me if I send you a long letter.



PORTRAIT OF HON. CHARLES B. SEARS

BY CHARLES HOPKINSON
(American Member of the Jury)

I have not time to write a short one." As a result, our French output varies from the society-minded Virgile Costantini to the violent Edouard Goerg, a painter no newer than Hieronymus Bosch, who held sway hundreds of years ago.

Of course French art such as André Dunoyer de Segonzac's art is good art. Yet it is difficult for one who speaks the language with an accent, as I do, to

acquire anything except a headache when asked so constantly and so uniquely to admire. Because judging pictures is like judging coffee. You must sit quietly at table while your mind floats into jellylike amorphousness before you stick your nose in the cup to find the answer.

In turning now to our own land, we discover at once that the difference between French painting and American painting is the difference between youth and age. A young people, with men like Reginald Marsh, make many exclamations full of vitality about the objective world around them. Old people, like K. Xavier Roussel, are prone to embroider subjectively. French art is full of embroidery. American art is full of exclamations, in line with the story about the child who was asked in school to define love and who said: "But, teacher, you do not talk love, you make love."

Naturally youth will fight. So of course Doris Lee goes in for startling modern American genre which sticks its tongue out at Jonas Lie, President of the National Academy, who believes in the more tranquil philosophies of yesteryear.

Again, some of the French critics at the Jeu de Paume American show last spring were credited with saying that we had merely an international character. If the word "merely" were left out, I would agree. Certainly we accept Yasuo Kuniyoshi as an American painter. Yet surrounded by American dentistry, plumbing, breakfast foods, and movies, we also have distilled in our Main Street emporiums men like Alexander Brook. Their work is not being done in London or Paris or Madrid or Stockholm or even Wilno. Theirs is the American school, which needs no forcing nor any policeman to stop the fights in the back yard at recess time, nor pedagogical headaches to increase its skill and unity of hand and eye and imaginative faculty.

Perhaps now we have had enough of national developments. Perhaps, instead, you are interested rather in the current tendencies of art. The tracing of them should keep you well occupied these days when just natural human nature causes artists to express their own world in so many ways. Some, like Edward Hopper, set down the scene before them. Some, like Mariano Andreu, escape in phantasy into the world of dreams. Some, like Jan Zrzavy, deal only with the fundamentals of design. Some, like Henri Eugène Le Sidaner, cleave to the tradition of my boyhood. Some, like Daniel Garber, try to soothe society. Some, like Joan Miro, try to strike it numb. These groups are distributed in different proportions in the different nations. For example, in England the academic unquestionably dominates, led by such men as A. J. Munnings, Gerald Kelly, and Sir D. Y. Cameron. In France exists an effort

to be unique, with men like Raoul Dufy.

When we consider the academic painters, we think of painters whose work is based on the traditions of our fathers. In an exhibition like ours this is set forth by men like Edward W. Redfield. They are more concerned with representation than with emotion. The trouble is that sometimes a few of them forget that representation without emotion is as innocuous as yesterday's ice-cream soda.

Next comes a group, especially in America, of painters like Raphael Soyer who concentrate on social conscience. These artists are full of resentment against the accepted order of life. They glorify the heroes of their class struggle. We should not deny contemporary painters the power of honest indignation at the present-day picture of discontent, yet they may well beware lest future generations decide that these painters carried their efforts in drab misery so far that they lost their primary object, which is to decorate.

Next, the surrealists, like Yves Tanguy, stress subject no end. They insist that a man spends about one third of his life asleep and dreaming and that nobody ever does much about it. There-



DINAN

By OTHON FRIESZ (French Member of the Jury)

fore, they use objective objects in order to play with those irrational impulses which flare up in all of us in our continent of dreams.

Then come others like Werner Scholz who are interested in personal expression, with more and more psychology entering into their results as they pre-occupy themselves with the turbulences of feelings.

After that we meet a school, led by men like Oskar Kokoschka, that believes that a medley of colored pigments on canvas can transcend and modify obvious facts, as the notes of a violin transcend and modify noise, that painting can present a sensation of speed as can a musical composition.

Finally, in company with Georges Braque, a few depart completely from subject matter and in nonrepresentational art simplify natural forms into cubes, masses, and planes.

Thank goodness, the battle between these varied aspects is leveling out, as eventually we find we require a theme as well as a style. Subject without style is stultifying; style without subject is superintellectualized. The artist's busi-

ness by way of these two fundamentals is to express his emotions in a fashion which finds an echo in the hearts of his chosen auditors.

It is possible, though, that current developments have not the call on your interest that has subject matter. There are all varieties in our exhibition. Franz Sedlacek, a Viennese, instills an air of mystery into a group of snow-covered latter-day factories. Between rebel bombs, Pedro de Valencia creates a sentimental figure composition in the city of his name.

An obviously satisfactory form for a picture to take is a landscape, since landscapes lend themselves more to composition of line and color without seeming to do so than any other variety of painting. Our own land is given to landscapes in excess of any other country. We find meticulous landscapes such as Charles Sheeler evolves. We find broadly painted landscapes from artists like Benjamin Kopman. On the one hand, when detail is multiplied in a picture, it is difficult for the visitor to remember that picture. On the other hand, when a picture is painted with uncontrolled muscle, the visitor can no more live with it than with a hurricane.

Closely affiliated with the landscape school is the school of marine painters. Their methods of approach are much the same. We have the imaginative school with men like Henry E. Mattson. We have the literal school with a man who holds the all-time long distance record for winning the Popular Prize, Frederick J. Waugh.

Then, of the



ROADWAY BY THE CLIFF
BY SYDNEY LEE (English Member of the Jury)



AWAKENING

By JOHN CARROLL (American Member of the Jury)

painting categories most obvious for variation of treatment is the still life. A still life can be turned into almost abstract form by Roland Oudot. A still life can be employed for flights of academic fancy, after the fashion of Pierre Roy, who beds himself down in half-surrealistic cozy corners.

Flowers, of course, are still life of a sort. Yet flower painting is so much a matter of color that empirically the artist there thinks less of design and more of the brilliance, the contrasts, or the harmonies of his canvases, as does Pierre Paulus, the fine old Belgian; or, to step over to the other extreme, as does Vaclav Spala, our friend from Czechoslovakia, who won the Garden Club Prize last year.

Let us turn to portraits. We all like to remember how Grandma looked. How Grandma looked can be simply how Grandma looked or a very fine art indeed. Portrait painting is not popular on the continent. In fact, about the only portrait which came to our exhibition from east of the English Channel was that by Leo Freiherr Von König. The English, on the other hand, have led in portrait painting for hundreds of years. There is more capable portrait work in the Royal Academy than in any show I know. I think, for example, of R. G. Eves. We here in this country, too, have a consistent portrait school

with men like Leopold Seyffert or Wayman Adams.

Closely allied to portrait painting is one branch of figure painting, though the connection is not so close as most of our public thinks. Ask Eugene Speicher to make your portrait and watch him squirm. He squirms with reason, for he wants to decide upon his own compositions, arrangements, and variations, to take his time, not to worry about the model, and to escape from kindly relatives who, as Sargent reminded us, invariably find something "a little wrong about the mouth." Also, there is figure painting that deals with many figures, like that done by the Italian Gianni Vagnetti. Such a combination of forms takes us into another category of painting, our last, which may be called compositions.

We can wander about among many kinds of compositions. A composition can be interested purely in form. A composition can tell a story. It can express a mood. Robert Philipp in our exhibition does many of these things.

Many persons, though, are interested not so much in the kind of work that is done as in the way the work is done. Now we turn to the company of the painters themselves, to the professionals. The amateur may say, "I prefer lamb chops to fried chicken," but a group of chefs will not settle on mutton



THE 1938 JURY OF AWARD AT WORK

Left to right: HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS, Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute; OTHON FRIESZ, Paris; ARNOLD PALMER, English Representative, Carnegie Institute; CHARLES HOPKINSON, BOSTON; SYDNEY LEE, London; and JOHN CARROLL, Detroit.

or fowl. They will be interested in how well grilled are the lamb chops or how well fried is the chicken. In other words we now deal with technique. Karl Schmidt-Rottluff is a fine technician to those interested in the development of the modern school. Jean Gabriel Domergue is a fine technician who deals in swank society's best. Yet in all our discussion of technique it is well not to fall into the common error that technique is like a stepladder. Technique unfortunately is one-legged. It cannot stand up by itself. Art that holds the mirror up to nature may sometimes be bad, but art that just holds the mirror up to art is almost always degenerate.

Lastly there are persons absorbed not so much by the artists' results as by the artists themselves. Few like to admit this about picture painting. I fail to see why. We are brazen in this interest when it comes to baseball players or the moving pictures. Also I was brought up on the theory that Sir Henry Irving was not so much a great actor as a great

personality; one of those individuals who give a flavor to the social atmosphere about them that sublimates poor technique or ill-chosen subjects.

This show of ours is full of strong personalities. Beyond all others on my trip this year I recall old James Ensor, who aroused so much excitement thirty years ago with eccentric paintings, who then lapsed into obscurity, and who now in the twilight of life enjoys the gratification of once more being petted.

We voyaged from Brussels to Ostende to see Ensor. There, after passing through a knickknack shop near the beach where they sell colored sea shells and bathing beauties made of soap, we climbed a dark flight of stairs to find a charming bit of an old man still with a sporty twinkle in his eye. Shined from head to foot, with neatly parted beard and immaculate black clothes and boots, one smile from my wife and another from Madame Carte brought from him compliments styled in the era when he hurried his best girl away from Maxim's

of an evening in the gay nineties. He is vague about that date, is Ensor. When I asked how many years he had lived in this flat he replied, "Only for the last seventeen."

He is right. Time fails to affect his cheerful pink caricatures of the foibles of life. A bit brilliant they are; since he explained that he was too old to be bothered with complications any longer. His only interest remains in pure color.

Over in one corner of his extraordinarily clean hodgepodge, under the ballet slippers and garters of a darling of other days, stood a parlor organ of the type on which New England grandmas of my early years used to play Moody and Sankey. Just before we left says Ensor, "For delightful guests I always improvise." Whereat his fingers wandered into a medley that sounded exactly as though it had come out of a German music box. "You know," he remarked, "I would have been a musician if my mother had not said that the boys in the music school were dirty. So I taught myself. I painted a ballet once." Here he pointed to a picture on the wall. "Now I will play it for you." The music tinkled out again, a fragrant mist of forty years, with bits of shadow and humorous sunshine floating in and out.

Think of this International in terms of Ensor's personality, elusive, charming, ever different.

I have said "different." That is why there are as many approaches to the International as there are pictures and individuals. Let each and every one of us then pick the approach that suits us and seek therein the most enjoyment. Let us be kind to the old folks. Let us have patience with the isms. If one in a thousand is right, that is fair enough. In my day I have seen fad after fad heave over the horizon, be acclaimed as the final penultimate of art, and sink unmourned into the mists of the past.

I do believe we would all be often very comfortable if it were not for our pleasures.

MUSIC APPRECIATION AT CARNEGIE TECH

DR. ROBERT E. DOHERTY, President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, has announced the sponsorship by Carnegie Tech, in co-operation with Duquesne University, Mt. Mercy College, Pennsylvania College for Women, the University of Pittsburgh, and the Pittsburgh Symphony Society, of a music appreciation course which will begin on November 29 and will be held for sixteen weeks on Tuesdays from 4:00 until 5:30 P.M., in Carnegie Music Hall.

The plan that will be undertaken is new in college education. It is believed that this is the first time a major symphony orchestra, under a world-renowned conductor, has been used to illustrate music appreciation lectures given by so great an authority as John Erskine, for which attendance alone will justify the earning of credits toward graduation. It is also the first time that the students of all the colleges in the Pittsburgh district will be united in one classroom. The course will also be open to the public at the student rate of \$10.

Dr. Erskine, who for ten years was President of the Juilliard School of Music and for thirty years Professor of English at Columbia University, has also attained fame as a writer and lecturer. As a visiting professor at Carnegie Tech, he has prepared a course of lecture-concerts to be illustrated by music played by the Pittsburgh Symphony with Fritz Reiner conducting, and will begin his class work by illustrating the various instruments of the orchestra. Later he will take up the works of the great composers, analyzing them in a manner designed to aid the students in their appreciation and enjoyment of the world's best music. Dr. Erskine is enthusiastically interested in the Pittsburgh plan for stimulating appreciation in the colleges and believes it to be one of the most forward steps in college education.



THE GARDEN OF GOLD



A GIFT of \$6,000 is the Gardener's opening salutation in the Garden of Gold this month, coming from that Croesus of givers who is known to the world as Anonymous. The donation is given to the Endowment Fund of the Carnegie Institute of Technology under that arrangement whereby the friends of Tech are to give the school \$4,000,000 and the Carnegie Corporation of New York will match that with \$8,000,000 in 1946; or, it will give two dollars for one for any part of our \$4,000,000, one third of which may be in buildings on the same basis of two dollars from them for each one dollar of building cost. Our friend, therefore, in sending in this gift of \$6,000 is really giving \$18,000 to Tech's Endowment Fund. That's why these transactions are taken into the Garden of Gold, for in 'no other reservoir in the world does money grow so fast, so surely, nor with a nobler purpose.'

Twice again that princely giver, Anonymous, walks into the Garden of Gold this month, with two gifts of \$100 each, or a total of \$200, with this interesting story: The graduates of the Chemistry Department have planned to build up a fund—to be called "Chemistry Department Research Fund"—within the Endowment Fund, from the income of which research equipment may be purchased. Just see how flexible this new Endowment Fund is going to be! And these two gifts are the first contributions. Let it go on and accumulate through the support of other graduates. Every dollar given means three dollars in the settlement, so that the \$200 here acknowledged is now worth \$600. Is not that a Garden of Gold?

Then, from the Alumni Federation, there comes in the mail two checks, both of which are accepted with heartfelt thanks: one from Winthrop Slocum and one from Anna Louise McCandless.

They total \$51.50 and will be worth \$154.50 in the settlement of 1946.

And, indeed, every day brings new evidence of the loyalty and interest of the graduate body of our Carnegie Tech, showing that these students in the name of their Alumni Fund have taken this financial problem into their charge and that they will add their contributions with unremitting zeal until the goal is reached. Here is a check from them for \$559, in which these names have taken a part: Estelle Garibaldi Andrews, A. S. Andrews, Albert C. Boucek, John G. Bright, Rosemary Saxon Buckwalter, Evans R. Dodson, Lewis H. Dunn, H. Erbing, Janet Wilson Feather, Frances Schneider Flaherty, W. F. Flaherty, Robert H. Gerster, A. Grodner, Wallis S. Hamilton, Jeanne C. Hartman, F. Galen Hess, S. L. Holverstott, J. Wallace Hopkins, Henry W. Kachel, G. H. Kann, Arthur A. Karakas, Charles W. Laughlin, Jack E. Morris, Rosalyn Scott O'Brien, Robert W. Ortmiller, Leonard W. Rusiewicz, Louis Sandler, Ralph Scherger, B. L. Schwartz, Michael V. Smirnoff, Henrietta Steinberg, Herbert S. Strickler, James P. Tumpane, Margaret Anne Yarlett, and Peter Zelezniak. Their total gift of \$559 is now worth \$1,677.

The Gardener recalls to his friends the several occasions when he has been consulted about the making of wills, and he ventures to add that it will give him pleasure to confer with anyone on the subject of bequests, or concerning direct gifts of money, or the erection of buildings, in connection with this great enterprise of raising our share of this fund, or \$4,000,000, thereby giving to the Carnegie Institute of Technology a new Endowment Fund of \$12,000,000, with an annual income in normal times of \$600,000, virtually all of which will be spent in Pittsburgh throughout the succeeding years.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

So, adding the cash gifts acknowledged above of \$6,000, \$200, \$51.50, and \$559 to the total amount of contributions already reported since the CARNEGIE MAGAZINE was first printed in 1927, the total receipt of money reported here is as follows: for Carnegie

Tech, \$1,505,522.75; for the Carnegie Institute, \$1,237,255.99; and for the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, \$21,822.50, making a grand total of cash gifts received and acknowledged in the past eleven years of \$2,764,601.24. How long before we pass \$3,000,000?

WINTER ACTIVITIES AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

WITH the turning of the leaves and the approach of shorter days, the hum and stir of accelerated activity is evident throughout the Carnegie Institute. Curators and museum workers are returning from expeditions to little-known lands; field collecting of specimens becomes secondary to the task of making them available for public exhibition; the Department of Fine Arts opens its galleries for the major event of the year—the International Exhibition of Paintings—and arranges for various exhibitions of prints, water colors, and paintings to be shown during the coming months from October

to July; free organ recitals become again a regular weekly event of each Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon; and the educational departments work out schedules for daily school attendance in our halls and also set the plans working for varied special classes, lectures, and displays.

The illustrated lecture series on the International Exhibition—to be given this year on Tuesday evenings and Sunday afternoons—has already begun and will be continued until November 15. Beginning November 13 and continuing each Sunday afternoon—except December 25—at 2:15 P.M. until March



A SECTION OF THE SATURDAY MORNING SKETCH CLASS FOR CHILDREN ON THE DAY THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

12, the Carnegie Museum lecture series will be given in the Institute's Lecture Hall. This year, following a new departure, the sixteen talks will be mainly confined to the subject of museum explorations and museum work alone. A portion of the series will be given by the scientists of the Carnegie Institute and the remainder by men from other museums.

Another activity in which adults may participate as well as listen, and which has become a prominent feature of the winter work of the Institute, is the adult sketch class which will begin during December. A great deal of fun as well as instruction makes this class one of the most popular that has ever been conducted in our halls. The sketchers gathered first with the idea of adopting a new hobby for long winter evenings, and, much to the entertainment and delight of the Institute and the class, latent talent has also been brought out in the class work.

Boys and girls have their full share of the Institute's attention when the winter program is planned. Beginning Saturday, November 5, free motion pictures will be shown in the Lecture Hall every Saturday afternoon at 2:15. The pictures will be especially selected for boys and girls and will be on subjects of natural history, industry, full-length features, and will include also some cartoon comedies. These shows will be held every Saturday until March 25, except on December 24 and 31.

Also on November 5, at ten o'clock, the Junior Naturalists Clubs of the Carnegie Museum will meet for the first time this fall. Boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen who are interested in learning about natural history and about the world in which we live are cordially invited to join. The meetings will be held in the Children's Museum.

The Museum Nature Hobby Club, composed of especially selected high-school and college students, and described in last month's *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE*, has already started its meetings

and will gather weekly during the winter months. A Nature Class, also for especially gifted students from the eighth grade of each of the Pittsburgh schools who are particularly interested in Nature, will be held this winter, meeting for the first time for this year around November 1. The classes for especially talented sketchers, also described in previous issues of the Magazine, have already begun their year's work. They meet on Saturday mornings—eight hundred boys and girls, potential American talent—drawing from Institute models and interpreting ancient and modern art into their own forms and ideas of artistic endeavor.

So it goes on, the great dream of Andrew Carnegie: the building and its contents for the people of Pittsburgh; instruction, enjoyment, and enlightenment for all.

MACAULAY AND OUR AMERICA

It is eighty years since Macaulay wrote his now famous and much quoted letter relative to what he believed to be the inevitable breakdown of the American democracy in the not distant future. His analysis of moving forces and their probable effects was most acute, but he overlooked a fundamental fact of commanding importance. That fact is that in the United States the social and political order does not rest upon or involve any permanent division of the population into fixed economic and social classes. In Europe, since the time of the feudal system, such a distinction, with a long historical background behind it, has existed almost everywhere and is only now breaking down slowly and with difficulty. It is the absence in the United States of any such group of fixed and definite social and economic distinctions as Macaulay assumed which deprives his argument and his prophecy of the force which would otherwise attach to them.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

SHALL WAR REMAIN?

With the death-dealing inventions of modern warfare, not only soldiers but the civilian population of a nation at war are on the firing lines. Civilization itself will be in jeopardy if war shall remain the arbiter of international differences.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

CHARACTER IS ALL

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow; The rest is all but leather and prunello.

—POPE

THE LOWLY AND BEAUTIFUL MUSHROOM

By LEROY K. HENRY

Assistant Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum



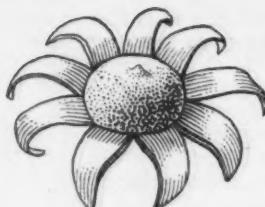
FROM early spring until late fall, and particularly at this time of year, many of the telephone calls to the Section of Botany of the Carnegie Museum are concerned with the poisonous attributes of the lowly mushroom—very delicious to the palate if it is of the right species and extremely treacherous if it is not. The collection of fungi in the herbarium numbers around twenty thousand specimens and is growing daily, for not only do inquiries come over the telephone, but also through the mail, accompanied by samples. These, added to the basic collection that is being continually enlarged by the members of the department, have created a reference source of dried specimens that is being used constantly for broadening our knowledge of these plants of western Pennsylvania.

Today the word mushroom in common usage is a popular term referring to nearly all those groups of lowly plants that have no coloring matter. Formerly it was the layman's designation for the plant he knew was edible—all the rest were toadstools to him. As a matter of fact, the two words refer to the same group of plants and can be used interchangeably. The scientist uses the word fungi for these same groups of plants that lack chlorophyll—that green pigment necessary in the manufacture of food by trees, ferns, and flowering plants—and includes in the group the germs or bacteria, many of which are the causes of disease. Here also are found the parasitic fungi that

grow on the ferns and flowering plants, some of which are called smuts, rusts, rots, scabs, molds, and mildews; and the saprophytic types such as puffballs, coral and cup fungi, and teeth, tube, and gilled mushrooms that obtain their nourishment from nonliving plant and animal remains. Despite the fact that they lack coloring matter, however, many forms of these fungi are very beautiful in color, ranging from brilliant orange to amethyst and deep red.

Nearly all our fleshy mushrooms are able to utilize for food the materials stored in dead leaves, twigs, logs, and other lifeless plant and animal matter. Thus they bring about organic decay, or reduction into component elements, and it is easy to see that if it were not for the disintegrating work of such fungi, the thousands of leaves that fall from the trees of our forests each autumn, and the many trees and herbaceous plants that die every year would soon clutter the ground with debris many feet thick. Feeding as they do on dead plants, they liberate ammonia that escapes into the soil and is acted upon by the nitrifying bacteria. These bacteria change the ammonia into nitrate salts that are absorbed by the roots of growing plants and utilized in forming new parts. This round trip of the nitrogen from the soil through the plant and back to the soil again is often spoken of as the nitrogen cycle.

Fungi do not reproduce by means of flowers and seeds, but each species produces its own kind of very minute spores that are ready to grow into new plants as soon as they fall upon favorable ground. These spores are of many shapes and sizes and so small that even though a mass of them may appear as dust to the naked eye, one must use a microscope to see them individually.



EARTHSTAR

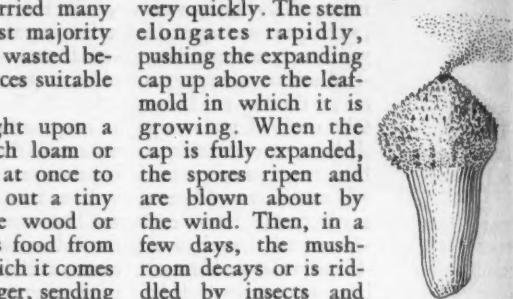
and tiny that they are carried many miles by the wind, the vast majority of these fungus spores are wasted because they do not reach places suitable to their development.

When a spore does alight upon a favorable spot, such as rich loam or decaying wood, it begins at once to germinate. First, it sends out a tiny thread that penetrates the wood or loam. This thread absorbs food from the organic matter with which it comes in contact and it grows longer, sending out branches until a network of threads or fibers is formed. These matted fibers, called hyphae, make up the plant body or mycelium, known as "spawn" among gardeners. The mycelium must grow within the darkness of the rich loam or decaying wood for weeks, months, or even years in some cases, before it will mature sufficiently to be ready to develop the fruiting body that will in turn produce fresh spores. As a usual thing we see the fruiting body of the fungus; only in a few cases do we ever see the mycelium. A good example of mycelium is that white mold on bread or on vegetables which first forms a white cottony mass of interwoven threads; later the mold becomes black because of the production of many small fruiting bodies containing spores. When the vegetative mycelia have reached their full development, little knots appear along these mycelial threads. These

swellings, known as "buttons," increase in size until they project from the soil or wood in which they started to grow. Soon the round button begins to elongate and two main parts are outlined: the stem and the cap with its spore-bearing surface. So we find that mushrooms do not grow overnight, but that much of the growth takes place in the soil, and only when the plant becomes visible does development follow very quickly. The stem elongates rapidly, pushing the expanding cap up above the leaf-mold in which it is growing. When the cap is fully expanded, the spores ripen and are blown about by the wind. Then, in a few days, the mushroom decays or is ridled by insects and their larvae.

Ranging in size from the almost pinlike species of *Mycena* and *Marasmius* to puffballs measuring as much as six feet in circumference and to the bracket fungi that extend out two feet or more from tree trunks, the mushrooms represented in the Museum collection grow in a great variety of habitats. They may be found on nearly all kinds of soil, on lawns, in fields, in forests, on dead leaves, among moss, and even on other mushrooms. There are many species of them—in fact, there are over ninety thousand known ones in the world—but the following discussion has been limited to a few types that may be found in the autumn, grouped together according to the type of fruiting body they possess.

The teeth-bearing fungi usually occur in the late summer and fall and may be seen in the woods now. The hedge-



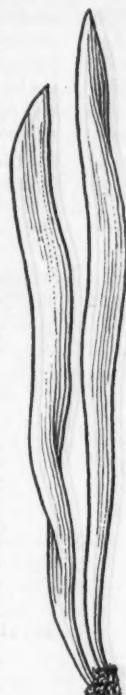
PUFFBALL



GILLED MUSHROOM

hog mushroom, found from May to November, is a fleshy, more or less tuberous type, forming white or creamy round or oblong masses that are two to eight inches or more across and are covered with long hanging teeth, varying from one-quarter inch to one and one-half inches in size. This mushroom is usually narrowed behind to a small stem-like point of attachment and grows both upon living and dead oak, locust, or beech trees. Occasionally this species attains enormous size and has been found to be as long as eighteen inches with a thirteen-inch width and teeth up to four inches in length. The coral *Hydnus*—another teeth-bearing fungus of which the Herbarium has some fine specimens—is a beautiful pure white mushroom that grows on beech, maple, and hickory logs. Its main stem divides and subdivides into many long coral-like branches with the spines drooping from the underside. Like the majority of teeth-bearing fungi, it is edible, but most mycologists will agree with me that it is far too beautiful to eat.

The familiar puffballs also grow in late summer and autumn and belong to a group whose spores are developed inside ball-like structures that may be covered with warts. At first the puffball is white inside, at which stage it is edible, then it gradually changes to purple and later to a brown mass of spores. Two small puffballs that grow on the ground or on decaying wood in woods and fields, opening by a single pore, or mouth, at the top to discharge their spores, may also be found now. One, the gem-studded puffball, is globe-like, one to one and one-half inches broad, white or often tinged yellow or brown, with a thick stemlike base. The globelike part is covered with large unequal warts that are pointed at the apex and scattered among smaller granular



CLAVARIA

ones, later falling off and leaving small pitted marks like that on a thimble. The other, the pear-shaped puffball, is white or brownish, oblong, shaped like a pear or a top, and one-half to one and one-half inches broad. It often has a stemlike base to which are attached white, creeping, rootlike fibers, and the top part is covered with small warts and scales.

The earthstar is another type of puffball we may see lying about on sandy ground and along roadsides around Pittsburgh with the spore sac flattened and most of the spores gone. These earth-stars are composed of two layers, an inner one that is the sac and contains the spores, and an outer layer that splits into four to twenty sharp, pointed segments. This plant ripens in the fall, and the thick outer layer divides into these segments, the lining of which becomes gelatinous and recures when the weather is wet, causing the points to rest on the ground. The inner sac is then held off the ground and the out-spreading segments give the plants their star-shaped appearance. In dry weather the soft gelatinous lining becomes hard, and the segments curve in and clasp the sac, forming a flat, buttonlike structure. Hence, the genus name of *Gaster*, meaning an earthstar, and the specific name of *hygrometricus*, meaning a measurer of moisture.

The Clavarias, or coral fungi, the majority of which are edible, and particularly noticeable in the fall months, is another group growing on the ground or on logs—often in the woods in ravines near Pittsburgh.



MEADOW MUSHROOM

They are more or less erect, with the fruiting surface covering the entire upper part of the plant. Some of the species are simple, club-shaped bodies, often with delicate yellow tips; others are clustered or even branched, giving the appearance of a coral. The spindle-shaped *Clavaria* is composed of clustered, spindle-like clubs of a beautiful yellow color, while the amethystine *Clavaria* is a pretty, pale violet. The cup-bearing *Clavaria* is pale yellow to dull tan with each branchlet ending in a small cup, the rim of which is covered with small spines.

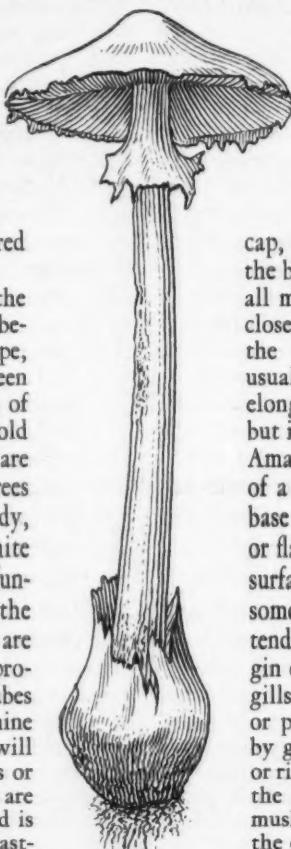
The great majority of the tube-bearing mushrooms belong to the shelving type, or those that may be seen sticking out of the sides of dead stumps, trees, and old logs, and some of them are parasitic, even killing trees in the city. The large, woody, brown species with white tubes is the horseshoe fungus or its near relative, the bracket fungus. These are perennial forms that produce a new layer of tubes each season. If we examine the undersurface, we will see millions of tiny tubes or pores in which the spores are produced, and the ground is often brown with these cast-off spores. One kind of *Daedalea* grows on birch and another on oak logs—both are gray to brown in color and of a corky texture. In these species the tubes are broken up into numerous winding channels, hence the name *Daedalea*, meaning winding and twisting.

The zoned polypore has leathery caps, one-half to two inches broad, dull gray, velvety-hairy, covered with smooth, bay or black bands, with tubes of a rich cream color. The bristly polypore

is two to three inches broad, covered with bristly-hairy zones that give the plant a very woolly appearance. A very pretty red one with cinnabar tubes is the cinnabar polypore, common on old logs. The birch polypore, measuring four to ten inches across the cap, grows on birch trees and is attached by a short lateral stem. It is fleshy at first, but soon becomes corky, smooth, and pale red-brown with the edge extending beyond the brown tubes.

The fruiting body of a gilled mushroom consists of three parts: the cap, the gills, and the stem. In the button stage these parts are all miniature and are often inclosed in an outer membrane, the universal veil. This veil usually disappears as the stem elongates and the cap expands, but in some species, like the fly *Amanita*, it persists in the form of a sheath or cup around the base of the stem or as patches or flakes adhering to the upper surface of the cup. There is sometimes another veil that extends from the stem to the margin of the cap and protects the gills. In some species this inner or partial veil, when ruptured by growth, remains as a collar or ring around the upper part of the stem, as in the meadow mushroom. On the underside of the cap are the gills—knifelike blades—upon whose surfaces the spores are borne.

The majority of our late summer and autumn fungi belong to the gilled type. There are several kinds of *Marasmius* that have a tough, leathery texture. The word *Marasmius* means withering with reference to the habit of shrivelling up in dry weather but reviving again when wet. The fairy-ring mushroom, which belongs to the same group, is a very dainty, tawny or buff-colored one that grows on the ground in



DEATH ANGEL
(AMANITA)

THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

open spaces. Growing on dead twigs and trunks of trees, one may find the little wheel Marasmius with its delicate white cap and gills joined to a collar which encircles the stem. The reddish caps of the blood-foot Mycena from whose broken stems a reddish juice oozes, and the small grayish, bell-shaped caps of the peaked-cap Mycena may be found clustered on old logs and stumps.

Around old decaying stumps large clusters of the jack-o'-lantern mushroom are often found. This mushroom—a saffron-yellow or orange-yellow all over—gets its name from the fact that the gills glow at night, and can be seen best when the fungus is placed in a dark room, when a faint greenish light may be seen.

Almost every year there are one or more fatal cases of mushroom poisoning in the Pittsburgh region and occasionally members of the department are called in to identify the species. The culprit in most cases is one of the Amanitas. Although other species may be as deadly as this one that has both a cup and a ring on the stem, they are not eaten because of their rarity or small size. The death angel, or deadly Amanita, is pure white, while the fly Amanita has a bright orange cap covered with white or yellowish warts or scales. The cap is often eight inches broad and the height of the plant eight to ten inches. It is easily differentiated from the orange Amanita, which has a smooth cap with radiating lines on the margin. These all grow on the ground or on much-decayed wood.

There are certain things Pittsburghers should know in order to distinguish the deadly Amanitas from the edible meadow mushroom. Amanitas are usually tall, stately-looking plants that grow in woods and very rarely anywhere else, while the meadow mushroom is short and squat and grows in old meadows or on lawns, but never in the woods. The caps of the Amanitas vary from pure white to grayish-brown in the death angel to bright lemon to orange in the

fly Amanita, with a surface usually covered with detachable warts or patches; the cap of the meadow mushroom is either smooth or covered with silky appressed scales, caused by the tearing of the skin. The gills of the Amanitas do not reach the stem, are usually white or pale yellow, and the spores are white, while the gills of the meadow mushroom likewise do not meet the stem but are pink at first, then become dark chocolate-brown from the purple-brown spores. The stems of the Amanitas are usually quite long, mostly hollow at the base, covered with concentric scales, floccose patches, or a sheath extending upward from the bulb and with a distinct hanging ring; the stem of the meadow mushroom is short, tapering at the base, with no scales, no bulk, and with a very slight ring.

FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

FINE ARTS

TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 8:15 P.M.

CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

OCTOBER

25—Royal Cortissoz, Art Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, "The International."

NOVEMBER

1—Oskar Hagen, Professor, Department of History and Criticism of Art, University of Wisconsin, "The International."

8—William M. Milliken, Director, Cleveland Museum of Art, "A Challenge to Tolerance."

15—Dudley Crafts Watson, Extension Lecturer, Art Institute of Chicago, "Contemporary Painting, a New Language."

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT 2:30 P.M.

CARNEGIE LECTURE HALL

OCTOBER

23—Elmer A. Stephan, Director of Art, Pittsburgh Public Schools.

30—Everett Warner, Associate Professor of Painting, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

NOVEMBER

6—Russell T. Hyde, Associate Professor of Painting, Carnegie Institute of Technology.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Twenty-five Years of Drama Education

BY GLENDINNING KEEBLE

Director, College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology



It is just a quarter of a century since the organization of our College of Fine Arts was made complete by the inauguration of its most novel feature, a department of drama. The idea for such a college, which had no precedent, was probably evolved gradually. It began with the establishment of a department of architecture as a conventional adjunct to the engineering school. Classes in drawing and modeling were necessary, and when these were permitted to expand into independent departments of painting and sculpture, the process was begun. The addition of a curriculum in music was a bolder step to take, but Russell Hewlett, at the time Director of the College of Fine Arts, was an enthusiastic and very gifted amateur of music; and having gone so far, the still more daring innovation of a department of drama was resolved upon. For the first time on record, degree courses in all the five major arts—architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and drama—were united in a single organization.

Thomas Wood Stevens was chosen to plan and to head the new dramatic course, in the founding of which Mr. Hewlett had the support of Henry Hornbostel, the architect, and Arthur A. Hamerschlag, the President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, at that time.

The fine arts were not entirely strange to college curricula, although aside

from architecture—which for the purpose passes as a species of engineering—the feasibility of combining a thoroughly professional type of artistic training with collegiate education was not recognized. While the drama as literature was firmly established in academic circles, the living theater—surely one of the most potent civilizing forces through all historic times—was as yet ignored in them. George Pierce Baker's famous "English 47" had long attracted many gifted playwrights to Harvard, but the production of their plays, an essential factor in their development, was viewed with indifference by the university; and it was not until 1925 that Mr. Baker's desire for a working laboratory in direct connection with his classes was realized at Yale. The arts were tolerated as diversions, they might even be given credit in a minor degree and a dilettante spirit, but they were not acceptable as subjects of serious, devoted effort.

In twenty-five years a notable change of attitude has occurred and Carnegie's example has been widely imitated. The drama is established as a graduate subject in several universities, as a major option for the last two undergraduate years in others; sometimes it must masquerade with hampering restrictions in a "department of speech," and sometimes it is merely given benevolent support as an extracurricular activity. But in spite of the general and serious attention it now receives, I believe that the frankness and thoroughness with which the subject is approached at Carnegie remains unique to this day. The daring of the innovation is best gauged by the fact that despite its acknowledged success, Carnegie is

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still alone in offering a full four-year course with professional standards in all the arts of the theater, recognizing such training as being of equal validity with belles lettres and the sciences for earning the baccalaureate degree.

As a novelty the drama department would have little significance if its influence had not been so real. The world of the theater is a very different and a much better world than it was twenty-five years ago. This, of course, is the result of forces much deeper than those any school could bring to bear—forces no doubt that brought our school into existence. But the effect of our drama department upon educational circles, upon the rise of the little-theater movement, upon the molding of a different type of actor, a different type of audience, I believe, is easily demonstrable, and neither Broadway nor Hollywood is untouched by it.

I must attempt to justify this boastfulness by showing more concretely wherein the innovation lay. The academies that already existed for more or less intensive training in acting stood in about the same relation to the theater that a trade school bears to the engineering profession. The usual path to success on the stage was through a kind of apprenticeship, with its dangers of specialization, narrowness, and over-emphasis on the commercial aspect. An actor so trained knew nothing of the problems of the designer, the costumer, the technician, and these for their part had little or no understanding of the actor. For the contrast with such a haphazard state of affairs I cannot do better than quote Mr. Boettcher on the work of his department.

"Two principles govern teaching in the department of drama. The first is based on the conviction that in a profession which embraces as great a variety of activities as the theater does, the most significant achievements are made by those who understand thoroughly its multiple aspects, who can use the allied arts in its service, and who have considered its place in the pattern

of contemporary life. Consequently, whatever the major interest of the student—acting or directing, writing or designing—he must gain a working knowledge of every phase of the production of a play and the operation of a theater. He studies the other arts, and he learns something of the world he lives in.

"The second principle springs from the belief that only in performance on a stage, working with others before an audience, can the student complete the lesson begun in the studio and classroom. Fundamental theory may be taught and exercises practiced in classrooms, but not until the student can command and apply this material under the very special and exacting conditions of an actual performance has his training been complete and effective. For this reason the work of the department involves the regular production and frequent performance of plays chosen to encompass a variety of historic periods and styles."

These aims have been steadily and capably pursued by a succession of gifted heads of department: Thomas Wood Stevens, B. Iden Payne, Chester M. Wallace, Elmer Kenyon, and Henry F. Boettcher. Changes have been made chiefly in the direction of intensifying the study, multiplying the opportunities for performance and distributing them more equitably, relieving the burden of night work, obtaining a wider range of experience for the students. Without question the department is now on a higher level of efficiency and positive achievement than ever it was before.

It would be pleasant to linger over the department's colorful history, but to give due credit to all the members of the present faculty and to the past instructors and distinguished visiting directors who contributed to its development would occupy an inordinate amount of space. In respect to the series of public performances, which would be the most conspicuous feature of the history, it is obviously impossible

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to deal with a repertory drawn from India, Japan, ancient Greece, and most of the countries of modern Europe, as well as from our own literature. Without taking account of innumerable studio productions, there have been about three hundred different public productions, half of them by contemporary writers, with a liberal sprinkling of first performances.

I must dwell briefly, however, upon the imposing series of Shakespeare plays which dominates the repertory and establishes a record that has been equaled but rarely. "Two Gentlemen of Verona" dedicated our theater, and all in all we have presented twenty-six different plays by Shakespeare, not counting various revivals nor a couple of abridged versions. These received well over three hundred and fifty performances, so it is safe to say that an audience of 140,000—staggering figure!—has in our theater become better acquainted with the deepest humanity and the loveliest language that English literature affords.

But figures alone cannot tell a story whose significance lies in the love, untainted by commercialism, with which these plays were approached. Under no other conditions could we have seen the flowering of genius in "Love's Labour's Lost," or the bitter comedy of "Troilus and Cressida," or both parts of "Henry IV," with their salty humor, since these are supposed to be unpopular plays. Hamlet and Juliet and Cleopatra were freed from the spotlight that generally isolates them, and they moved with a new nobility in due relation to the other characters of their stories. The text was always substantially complete, and certainly it never was mutilated to give the sceneshifter a freer hand nor to indulge a star actor's vanity. Many of the plays were presented in the simple manner of the author's own time, and the effectiveness of the Elizabethan stage was enhanced by the costumes we were fortunate to acquire from the Elizabethan Stage Society. Mr. Payne, who directed most of this unforgettable

series, went from his engagement with us to the highest post in the Shakespeare theater—head of the Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon.

Foreign visitors have remarked that the drama department is better known abroad than it seems to be in Pittsburgh, and students have come from as far as Norway on the one hand, China on the other, for the express purpose of studying here. As for where the students go, that is another very picturesque subject which I must pass over. But it is safe to say that in this country they will be found wherever the drama is active. They are actors, designers, technicians, directors, on the commercial stage, in little theaters, in motion pictures and broadcasting studios, in schools; and a good share of them have achieved a national reputation.

The department began its work with a theater plant that was outstanding for the time in its completeness and flexibility, but there has been such rapid progress in the quarter of a century that our mechanical equipment is now far behind that of some of our competitors. The work goes forward with cheerful effectiveness in spite of all practical difficulties, but there are types of work we cannot attempt, much though we wish to do so. We look forward to the time when we can build a new theater, after which the department that has already achieved so much will show that it has potentialities not yet realized.

THE USE OF PRIVATE WEALTH

The General Education Board, founded thirty-five years ago by John D. Rockefeller, has in that time expended \$255,334,670 in the encouragement and spread of education throughout the United States, but most largely in the South. The objectives of this philanthropy were, in general, medical education, higher education, Negro education, and special programs for the elevation of the whole standard of learning.

There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.

—ADDISON

OUR NEW TRUSTEES



EDWARD DUFF BALKEN



GEORGE T. LADD

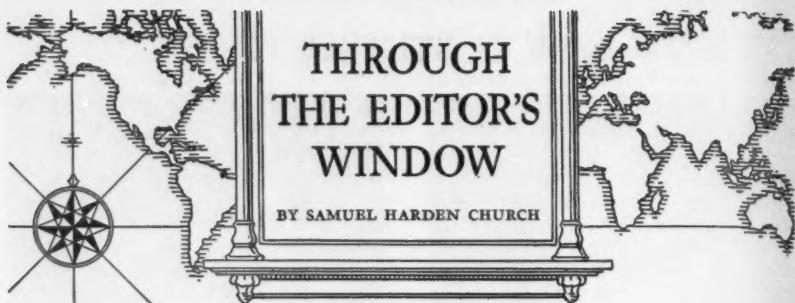
EWARD DUFF BALKEN was born in Pittsburgh on August 26, 1874. He graduated from Princeton in 1897, and his interest in art dates from his college days and from the years he spent, shortly after his graduation, with an archeological expedition in the Near East.

He was secretary of Weyman and Brother, a large business concern at Pittsburgh, until 1906 when he retired to continue his art studies. Becoming Curator of Prints and Drawings in the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute in 1915, in 1924 he was made Acting Assistant Director. He resigned in 1935 to become Honorary Curator of Prints and Drawings.

During these years he had been sometime connected in various capacities with the Art Society of Pittsburgh, One Hundred Friends of Pittsburgh Art, Associated Artists of Pittsburgh, and the Museum of Art and Archeology, Princeton, New Jersey.

GEORGE T. LADD was born in Edinburgh, Ohio, on May 17, 1871. After his graduation from Sheffield Scientific School at Yale in 1891, he worked in Pittsburgh for several years before returning to school, this time to Cornell for an M.E. which he received in 1895. He held the position of designer and mechanical engineer with several companies before coming back to Pittsburgh. On his return in 1910, he took up the position of consulting engineer, forming his own company and directing it until, in 1928, he was made president and general manager of the United Engineering and Foundry Company, a position he holds today.

Mr. Ladd has achieved distinction for his service in the World War and also because he designed and built the largest water tube boilers in the world, now operating at the Ford Motor Company, in Detroit. He is well known as a director of many companies.



THE APPEASEMENT OF EUROPE

THE dreadful war that appalled the senses of all mankind is ended without the firing of a shot. Mr. De Valera's amazing proposal that there should be a conference to settle the aims of the next war before the war occurred prevailed. No life has been lost, no city has been destroyed, no gas mask has transformed men and women—yes, and children!—into the likeness of strange beasts. British diplomacy, British civilization, and British decency, persistent over barbaric ambition, have been able to enforce peace at the very moment when the order had been given for the cannon's opening roar. The real achievement, it is known, was due to the slow-gathering consciousness of a greater force to be arrayed by France, England, and Russia over a lesser one; but none the less the greater power used its strength for the suppression of war rather than for its exploitation, and in this way the organization of peace, as developed in England and France, attained a majestic triumph over a threat of war which might have reduced Europe to its ancient tribal habitations.

The victory of peace was not gained without a price; nevertheless, in all candor, there is justification for Mr. Chamberlain's statement to Parliament that Europe should not be drenched in blood because of the various racial disputes that brought about the troubles in Czechoslovakia. The Prime Minister

frankly placed the responsibility for these racial discontents at the door of the League of Nations through the failure to follow the provisions on that subject that are laid down in the League's constitution; and when no less than three of these minority groups made their demands simultaneously for an adjustment of what they called their civil rights, it was too late to reorganize the question without a sacrifice—or a general war.

But there was a larger principle involved in the discussions, and upon this point Mr. Chamberlain made no concession. Standing in his place in the House of Commons, and speaking with a quiet voice in words which were notable for their understatement, he made it clear that the great democracies, now that they had been forced, at extraordinary cost, to come into the field in the full might of their armed power, would no longer consent to endure the constant peril of an antagonism that had deliberately chosen war because it preferred war, and that had been restrained from an aggressive attack only when it was demonstrated that such a course would provoke certain defeat for the aggressor. "If I were convinced," he said, "that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by fear of its force, I should feel that it must be resisted." How different, how infinitely different, was that calm utterance, spoken by the great Minister with the gleaming eyes, from the rude speeches in other cities which

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had for so many weeks been offending the portals of our ears!

In that statement we shall doubtless find the policy of Europe's democracies in these coming months. It is intolerable that marching troops shall continue to challenge the tranquility of the world. It is intolerable that nations who would lead pacific lives should even now be required to hold the best part of their manhood in camps and on ships against an attack apprehended from one who claims the sole right of making the decisions of war and peace for the German people.

But when Mr. Chamberlain returned to London with a peace that was literally snatched from the cannon's mouth, the politicians in Parliament began to snarl at his heels and besmirch the high honor of England in their greed for a party advantage. With the people it was another story. The whole population of Great Britain welcomed the Prime Minister on his return from Munich, with a greater acclamation and a deeper gratitude than they would have given him if he had returned in triumph from a war won after the destruction of Europe. Stanley Baldwin—now Earl Baldwin of Bewdley—put the case for the humane side, in his speech in the House of Lords, when he said:

"Had there been war, there would have been tens of thousands of mangled people—citizens, women and children—before a single soldier or sailor gave his life for his country. That is an awful thought. . . . There is an observation on the lips of many people at this moment, 'You've got to fight some day; fight now.' No greater fallacy was ever uttered. [Cheers] War never was inevitable, and if there was a ninety-five per cent chance of war at some future date, I would hold on to the other five per cent until I die. I believe this government will do that, and I believe that is in the mind of the Prime Minister. I would never lose hope. . . . In the middle of that [Mr. Chamberlain's] speech—and I do not believe there was any thought in the mind of anyone

present but that war was inevitable—the Foreign Secretary was handed a telegram, and he showed it to me. It was the long-expected answer to the Prime Minister's invitation. It was just as though the finger of God had drawn a rainbow across the sky and had ratified again his covenant with the children of men."

In that speech, as simple as truth itself, Lord Baldwin spoke the feelings of a sensible world.

It is the lesson of history in every age that dictators go too far in their rage for power, and that the equilibrium of nations undergoes a readjustment after vaulting ambition has o'erleaped itself. The beginning of decadence occurs when the dictator's people refuse longer to follow him. Hitler had already observed the signs of revolt among his generals and in the justified discontents of the German populace; and these disintegrations of his power will grow as his usurpations spread themselves over wider territories. Napoleon said at St. Helena that there were two things that brought about his fall—Spain and Russia. And then Fouché told him, after a tour of the country, that all the women of France were against him on account of his wars. But there was a greater power than Spain or Russia forever confronting him, on land and sea pursuing him—relentlessly stomping its heavy footfall in his anxious ears—and that was England.

If Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, a greater victory was brought home the other day by a Rugby boy, who, in accord with a better age, when war would have overwhelmed the world if his foot had stumbled, chose peace. And when he asked Parliament for its judgment they sustained his course by a vote of 366 to 144. The ratio of the vote doubtless reflects the public opinion of the world.

If the whole episode should now stir the consciousness of captive nations to the security and happiness that can come to them and their neighbors from the restoration of liberty, no one will be-

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grudge the anxious days that were spent in this courageous approach toward the accomplishment of Mr. Chamberlain's passionate desire for the appeasement of Europe. In thus establishing peace against the imminent outbreak of war, Mr. Chamberlain has given the world the greatest act of statesmanship of our generation

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